THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS – IT'S

TERRIFIC

JULY 1, 1967. © Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1967.

A POWER COMIC

No.12 EVERY MONDAY NINEPENCE

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.

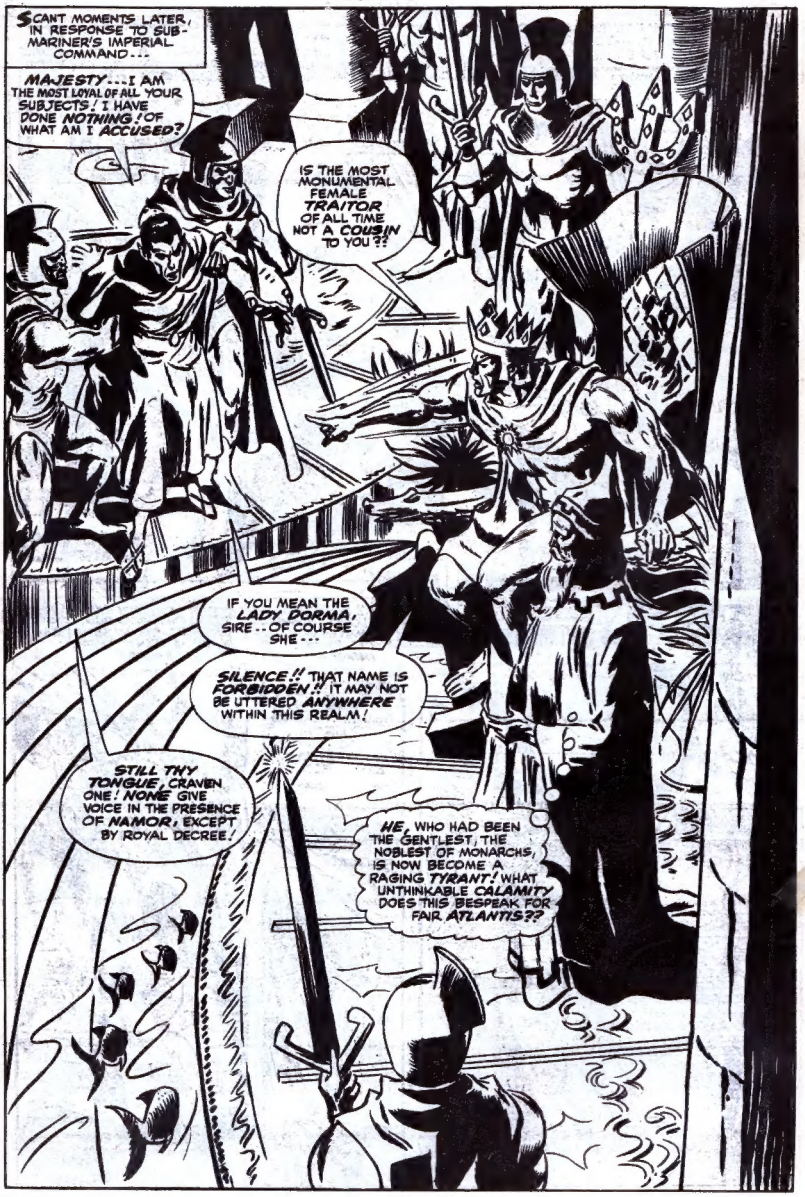
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1966

MY LORD! I KNOW HOW THE LADY DORMA LOVED YOU! PERHAPS ... YOU HAVE NOT BEEN BETRAYED! PERHAPS SHE HAD CAUSE ...
SILENCE, VASHTI! NEVER AGAIN MAY MY BRAIN BE TORTURED BY THE AGONIZING MEMORY OF HER!

HENCEFORTH, BY ORDER OF NAMOR THE FIRST, PRINCE OF ATLANTIS, EMPEROR OF THE DEEP, LORD OF THE SEVEN SEAS, AND SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE UNDERSEA LEGIONS ...
I DECREE THE MERE MENTION OF THAT UNSPEAKABLE TRAITRESS' NAME TO BE THE HIGHEST TREASON!

HEED NOW MY WORDS, LORD VASHTI.. FOR THIS DO I MOST SOLEMNLY SWEAR ...
AS SURELY AS OMNISCIENT NEPTUNE IS FATHER OF US ALL, SO SURELY SHALL I FIND THE ACCURSED KRANG ... SO SURELY SHALL I EXTRACT THE LAST FULL MEASURE OF REGAL REVENGE UPON HIM!

I BEG THEE, MY LORD ... CONSIDER WELL! VENGEANCE IS BUT THE LAST RESORT OF THE UNTHINKING!
DO NOTHING ... TILL THE HEALING HAND OF TIME HAS SOOTHED YOUR HURT AND GIVEN YOU NEW VISION!
I HEAR NO MORE!! YOURS ARE THE WORDS OF AGE!! BUT MINE IS THE FURY OF YOUTH!!
THE FLAMES OF MY ALL-CONSUMING RAGE MUST NOW BE FED! SUMMON MY COURT!! THERE ARE SENTENCES TO BE METED OUT!


SCANT MOMENTS LATER, IN RESPONSE TO SUB-MARINER'S IMPERIAL COMMAND---
MAJESTY---I AM THE MOST LOYAL OF ALL YOUR SUBJECTS! I HAVE DONE NOTHING! OF WHAT AM I ACCUSED?
IS THE MOST MONUMENTAL FEMALE TRAITOR OF ALL TIME NOT A COUSIN TO YOU??
IF YOU MEAN THE LADY DORMA, SIRE--OF COURSE SHE---
SILENCE!! THAT NAME IS FORBIDDEN!! IT MAY NOT BE UTTERED ANYWHERE WITHIN THIS REALM!
STILL THY TONGUE, CRAVEN ONE! NONE GIVE VOICE IN THE PRESENCE OF NAMOR, EXCEPT BY ROYAL DECREE!
HE, WHO HAD BEEN THE GENTLEST, THE NOBLEST OF MONARCHS, IS NOW BECOME A RAGING TYRANT! WHAT UNTHINKABLE CALAMITY DOES THIS BESPEAK FOR FAIR ATLANTIS??

MAJESTY!! EVEN THOUGH SHE IS MY COUSIN...I HAVE DONE NOTHING...!!

YOU SHARE COMMON ANCESTRY WITH HER!! THAT IS ENOUGH!

TO THE DUNGEONS WITH YOU!

THERE SHALL YOU REMAIN UNTIL MY WRATH HAS ABATED!

BUT HIGHNESS...I AM INNOCENT OF ANY WRONG-DOING! MERCY, MY PRINCE... MERCY...!

MERCY? FROM THIS MOMENT HENCE, NAMOR KNOWS NOT THE MEANING OF SUCH A WORD!

YOUR MAJESTY, AS GRAND VIZIER OF THE REALM, I CANNOT REMAIN SILENT! I MUST BE HEARD!

IT IS NOT JUSTICE YOU HAVE DISPENSED, SIRE...IT IS OPPRESSION! IT IS UNWORTHY OF THE SUB-MARINER!

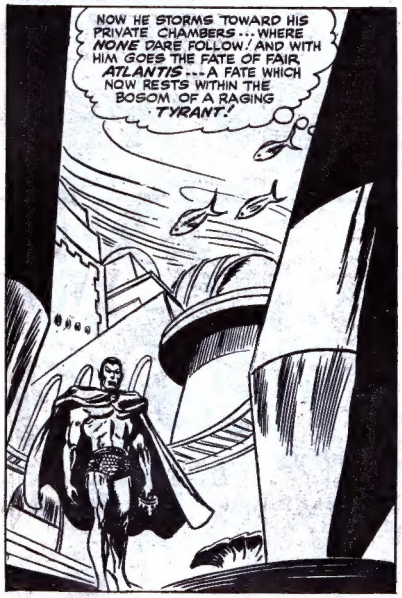
OUT, SANCTIMONIOUS ONE! GET THEE FROM ME, OR YOU SHALL BE NEXT TO FEEL MY ANGER!

IT IS USELESS! THERE IS NO REASONING WITH HIM!

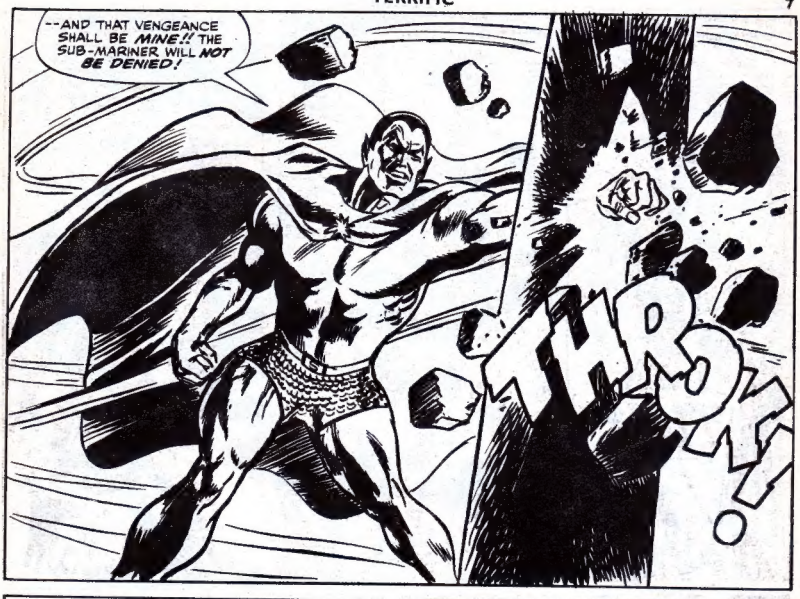
OUR PRINCE HAS BECOME...A MADMAN!

'TIS BRUTAL BETRAYAL THAT HAS DONE THIS TO HIM! LOSING THE WOMAN HE LOVED HAS CAUSED MIGHTY NAMOR TO REACH HIS BREAKING POINT!
MY GRIEVING HEART FAIR BURSTS WITH PITY FOR THE SAVAGE SUFFERING HE ENDURES!

AND NONE THERE ARE WHO CAN TRULY KNOW THE ANGUISH THAT MAY BE FELT BY ONE WHO HAS SO LONG LIVED WITH PRINCELY PRIDE!
THAT SUCH A FATE SHOULD HAVE BEFALLEN NAMOR, THE AVENGING SON!! BECAUSE OF THIS CATASTROPHIC QUIRK OF DESTINY, AN EMPIRE MAY TOTTER... A DYNASTY MAY CRUMBLE!


NOW HE STORMS TOWARD HIS PRIVATE CHAMBERS... WHERE NONE DARE FOLLOW! AND WITH HIM GOES THE FATE OF FAIR ATLANTIS... A FATE WHICH NOW RESTS WITHIN THE BOSOM OF A RAGING TYRANT!

WHY CANNOT I STOP THE TORMENT WITHIN MY BRAIN... THE HAUNTING VOICE WHICH KEEPS REPEATING DORMA--DORMA--DORMA... UNTIL IT BIDS FAIR TO REND MY SKULL ASUNDER!
ONLY THE DIREST VENGEANCE WILL STILL THAT VOICE!
VENGEANCE! VENGEANCE! VENGEANCE!


--AND THAT VENGEANCE SHALL BE MINE!! THE SUB-MARINER WILL NOT BE DENIED!
THROK!

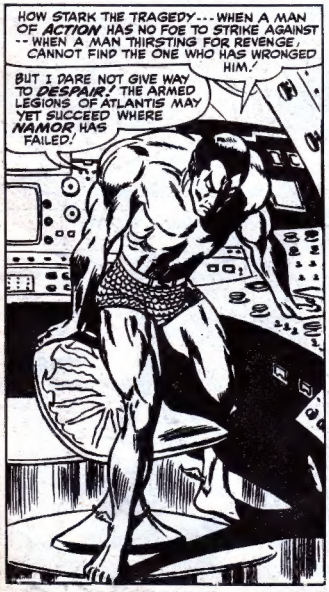
ONLY THE MOST AWESOME REVENGE WILL DAMPEN THE FLAMES OF HATRED THAT RAGE WITHIN ME!
RAK!

AM I NOT THE MIGHTIEST OF ALL?? AM I NOT THE AVENGING SON?? AM I NOT MONARCH OF ALL I SURVEY??

HAS IT NOT BEEN WRITTEN---IN LETTERS THAT SHALL LIVE THROUGHOUT ETERNITY---
--IMPERIUS REX!!
THOOM!
BUT, I SQUANDER PRECIOUS MOMENTS! TEARING MY CASTLE DOWN ABOUT ME WILL NOT PUT THE EVIL KRANG WITHIN MY REACH!
IT IS HE WHOM I MUST FIND!! IT IS HE FROM WHOM I MUST EXACT FULL MEASURE OF ROYAL RETRIBUTION!
AND, IF STILL HE LIVES, NAMOR SHALL FIND HIM!!
CLICK!
SCANNNG!
FOR, IN TRUTH, THE EYES OF NAMOR ARE EVERY-WHERE!
AT THE TURN OF A DIAL, I SET IN MOTION MY COUNT-LESS OBSERVA-COILS, WHICH EXTEND THROUGHOUT THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF MY AQUATIC EMPIRE!
NO MATTER WHERE HE HIDES, IF KRANG IS BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SEA, HE CANNOT ESCAPE THE EYES OF NAMOR!

BUT, AFTER A FULL HOUR OF STEADY, UNRELENTING, CEASELESS VIGIL---
IT IS USELESS!! THERE IS NOT THE FAINTEST SIGN OF HIM!
CLICK!

THOUGH MY STRENGTH IS OVERWHELMINGLY THE SUPERIOR OF HIS, THE ACCURSED WARLORD IS STILL MY MASTER IN THE WAYS OF CUNNING AND SUBTERFUGE!


HOW STARK THE TRAGEDY---WHEN A MAN OF ACTION HAS NO FOE TO STRIKE AGAINST--WHEN A MAN THIRSTING FOR REVENGE, CANNOT FIND THE ONE WHO HAS WRONGED HIM!
BUT I DARE NOT GIVE WAY TO DESPAIR! THE ARMED LEGIONS OF ATLANTIS MAY YET SUCCEED WHERE NAMOR HAS FAILED!

ATTENTION, ALL SEEK-AND-DESTROY UNITS!! MAN YOUR RECONNI-CRUISERS!! THE ORDER IS---FIND THE TRAITOR KRANG!!
AN IMPERIAL COMMAND OF PRINCE NAMOR HIMSELF!
IMPERIUS REX!
INTO YOUR CRUISERS! FOR THE SUB-MARINER! DISPERSE!!

AND SO, THE SPECTACULAR, OCEAN-WIDE SEARCH BEGINS...
RRRR
RRRR
RRRR

WHILE, IN A FAR-OFF, CAREFULLY HIDDEN UNDERSEA CAVERN...
I FOILED NAMOR'S OBSERVA-COILS BY MEANS OF MY SUPERIOR SCIENTIFIC DEFENSIVE DEVICES... SO NOW, THE FOOL RESORTS TO STILL MORE DESPERATE MEASURES!
NO, KRANG! CALL HIM WHAT YOU WILL -- BUT NONE MAY TRUTHFULLY LABEL MY PRINCE A FOOL!
HE IS YOUR PRINCE NO LONGER, MY LADY! REMEMBER... TO SAVE HIS LIFE, YOU HAVE SWORN ALLEGIANCE TO KRANG!

BUT NOW, THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO FLEE TO THE SURFACE!
IT IS THE ONE PLACE HE DARE NOT PURSUE US!
THERE IS NAUGHT THAT NAMOR DOES NOT DARE!
YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, WARLORD! EVEN A SPECIAL GAS TO CHANGE THE COLOUR OF OUR SKIN, SO WE CAN WALK, UNNOTICED, AMONGST THE HUMANS!

BUT, WHAT OF OUR LUNGS? WE CAN BREATHE NAUGHT SAVE WATER!
ARE WE TO WEAR HELMETS UPON THE SURFACE?

I SHALL ANSWER THAT LATER!
BUT NOW... BREATHE! LET THE POWER OF THE FATEFUL FUMES PERMEATE YOUR EVERY BLOOD CELL...

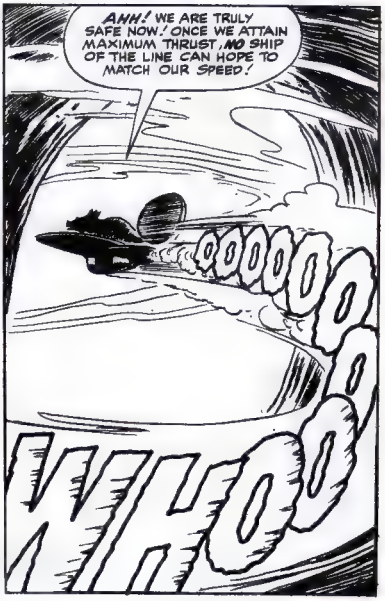
ENOUGH! IT IS DONE! REMOVE YOUR INHALING DEVICE AND BEHOLD THE FRUIT OF MY GENIUS!

I--I FEEL NO DIFFERENT, MY LORD!
NATURALLY! THE COLOUR OF ONE'S SKIN IS BUT A CHANCE ACCIDENT OF FATE! IT ALTERS NOTHING ELSE ABOUT THE PERSON!

AND NOW, I TOO MUST UNDERGO THE SAME SKIN COLOUR CHANGE...AS A DUTIFUL HUSBAND-TO-BE SHOULD!
HUSBAND-TO-BE! HOW MY HEART SEEMS TO SHRIVEL WITHIN ME WHEN I REALIZE THE FATE THAT WILL SOON BE MINE!

SECONDS LATER...
NOW THE SUB-MARINER SHALL NEVER FIND US...FOR WE CAN LOSE OURSELVES FOREVER UPON THE SURFACE WORLD!
ALTHOUGH, WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTS IT... I SHALL RETURN--FOR THE THRONE OF ATLANTIS MUST BE MINE...TO SHARE WITH YOU BESIDE ME...AS MY QUEEN!

FOR HOW LONG...WILL OUR SKINS REMAIN THE COLOUR OF THE SURFACE HUMANS?
IT MATTERS NOT! I AM BRINGING ENOUGH OF MY POTENT GAS SO THAT WE MAY RE-APPLY IT WHENEVER THE EFFECT BEGINS TO FADE!
BUT NOW, INTO THE SHIP WITH YOU, MY LADY!
WE MUST BE GONE, BEFORE THE LEGIONS OF NAMOR CAN DISCOVER MY HIDDEN LAIR!

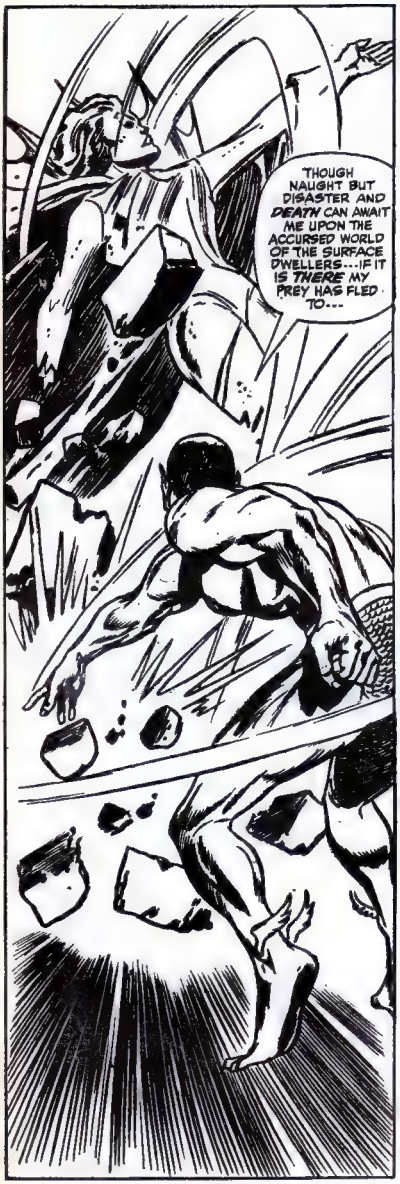

AHH! WE ARE TRULY SAFE NOW! ONCE WE ATTAIN MAXIMUM THRUST, NO SHIP OF THE LINE CAN HOPE TO MATCH OUR SPEED!
WHOO

LOOK! ASCENDING TO THE SURFACE!! --- IT'S WARLORD KRANG!
WHY DO WE SLACKEN SPEED, SIR? WHY DO WE NOT PURSUE HIM?
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE HIS VESSEL?

IT IS THE SPECIAL FLAGSHIP HE HAD DESIGNED FOR HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS OVERLORD OF ALL HIS MAJESTY'S FLEETS!
NOTHING, SAVE THE AWESOME NATURAL SPEED OF NAMOR HIMSELF CAN CATCH THAT CRAFT... BUT HE HAS TOO GREAT A LEAD FOR EVEN SUB-MARINER TO OVERCOME NOW!
ALL WE DARE DO IS RETURN IN DEFEAT..AND FACE OUR MIGHTY MONARCH WITH THE NEWS OF..OUR ABJECT FAILURE!

MY LORD! I BRING NEWS OF THE TRAITOR, KRANG!
YOU HAVE SEIZED HIM SO QUICKLY!! YOUR REWARD SHALL BE OVERWHELMINGLY GENEROUS!
NAY, SIRE! HE HAS ELUDED US, ALAS! I FEAR HE HAS FLED TO THE SURFACE WORLD!
WHAT?!! HE THINKS I DARE NOT FOLLOW HIM THERE?!!

HIM---AND THE FAITHLESS HARRIDAN WHO HAS CAST HER LOT WITH HIM--!! SHE, WHOSE VERY VISAGE DOES INFLAME MY BLOOD!!
FROM THIS TIME FORTH, LET IT BE KNOWN BY ALL--NAMOR DARES ANYTHING--- ANYWHERE---TO BRING THE TRAITORS TO JUSTICE!!



NEXT WEEK:

ENTER, IRON MAN!

YES, THAT'S WHAT WE SAID—AND IF YOU'RE WONDERING HOW HE GETS INTO THE ACT SCAMPER TO YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD NEWSAGENT SEVEN DAYS FROM NOW—AND FIND OUT! 'NUFF SAID!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JUST a bunch of regular SUN WORSHIPPERS !—that's us up here in the power-pen ! Hardly has Affable Alf got through bending our ears with reminiscences of sunny Spain, when Big Bold Bart ups and grabs toothbrush and trunkful of favourite literature (Power papers of course) and heads . . . yes, you've guessed it . . . South to Spain and sunshine ! And right now, at this very time of writing, where is Merry Margaret Smith ? In *North Africa*, no less ! And those of us who are left behind are getting pretty restless, too !

That's the way it is with us ! Speak of sparkling snow or clean and windswept moors and none of the garret gang will as much as look up from his desk. But mention *the sun* and work stops while the team sit back wrapt in faraway sun-drenched thought and the printers start screaming for pages to print.

Of course, *everyone* likes the sun, but there's something about the pen that turns a fellow into a twentieth century AZTEC (they worshipped the sun, too !). Maybe it's because we should get some windows knocked into the garret and let some *light* into the place ! Maybe it's because we're all so *sunny natured* ! There has to be SOME reason !

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Allan Bassett, Wednesfield, Staffs. ; David Brennen, Victoria, Australia ; Andrew Hargrave, Rochester, Kent ; Roger Bayley, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey ; Charles Lawn, Streatham, London ; Paul Alexander, Reading, Berkshire ; Ian Hall, Glamorgan, South Wales ; Steve Betts, St. Austell, Cornwall ; Russell Selwyn, Leeds, Yorks. ; Andrew and Susan Ben, Staplehurst, Kent ; Michael Well, Charlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester ; Les Bryant, Rainham, Essex ; Keith Bannister, Cheam, Surrey ; Alan Paterson, Lanarkshire, Scotland ; Gordon McKinnon, Camberley, Surrey ; Anthony Tudor, Stoke-on-Trent ; Ronald Newton, Croyford, Kent ; John Bailey, Bournemouth, Hants. ; Anthea Carryer, Brampton, Hants.

Still on the subject of sunnier climes, we hear that our gang of super-heroes are as popular in *Mexico* as they are in this country. But in translating the yarns into Spanish, the publishers over there have to dig out some new *names*, too. THE HULK is known as *La Mole* in Mexico ! Ben Grimm of the Fantastic Four, better known as THE THING becomes *El Coloso*. And Doctor Strange, who is mastering the mystic arts in Terrific over here, is known to his south-of-the-border fans as *Dr. Cantella* . . . and that means Doctor Spark !

But as Shakespeare said : " A rose by any name smells just as sweet ! " In other words, what's in a name ? They're the same bunch of super-fellows . . . and that's what *really* counts !

News for you hundreds of frantic ones who have been begging us to include THE DAREDEVIL in the Power-pack outfit ! (*And by the way,* he's *known in Mexico as* EL DYNAMO !) *Well, we've said it before and we'll say it again !* He's on his way ! *The Daredevil is coming ! ! Where ? When ? We'll give you a clue. Keep on reading SMASH* (*and we know you'll do* that, *anyway*) *and wait for the BIG announcement !*

ODD SPORTS

SEA HORSE-RACING

Racing on the Turf has nothing on sea horse-racing, which was once a regular sport with the islanders off the coast of County Clare, Ireland.

Two of the islands, Inishbofin and Inishlyon, are about three-quarters of a mile apart. Horses grazing on the islands often swam of their own accord from one island to the other for change of pasture.

This gave a local doctor an idea : why not a horse race between the islands ? The first race was held in 1936.

All horses entered for the race were taken to Inishbofin and the race was through the sea to Inishlyon.

The " field " usually consisted of about 20 entries. The horses were ridden without saddle, bridle or reins. During the race through the sea, it was quite common for a rider to be thrown, but the experts generally managed to remount.

Orange Peeling Champion

Don Jose Turpin Madrid, Orange Peeling Champion of Europe, successfully defended his title in London last January when he defeated Julian Mehuan. The contest was refereed and timed by Henry Cooper, the boxing champion.

Don Madrid owns a bar in Valencia, centre of the Spanish orange-growing industry, and started his sporting career by peeling oranges into comic shapes to amuse his customers.

The Spanish Fruit Syndicate then heard of his skill and arranged peeling contests as an advertising gimmick. Don Madrid won them all and has been undefeated champion for ten years !

Archers v. Golfers

Arrows flew down the fairways on a Denver, U.S.A. golf course, when a local golf club was beaten by an archery club !

A target, ten inches by five inches, was placed beside each hole, and the archer's arrow had to fall within one bow-length, about five feet, to count. The archer lost a stroke if his arrow landed in a bunker, tree or hedge.

Because of bad weather, only five holes could be played. The archer won three, the golfer two, and the other was halved.

RACING COCKROACHES

While they were prisoners-of-war in Germany, a number of British soldiers started cockroach-racing to pass the time. After their return to Britain in 1945, some of them formed a cockroach-racing club which holds an annual cockroach Derby.

The " runners " are lined up at the starting post, a large glass bowl. The bowl is surrounded by a circle eight-feet in diameter marked on the ground.

At the " off," the bowl is lifted away, and the first cockroach to scuttle across the circle is the winner. Each cockroach has a label on its back to identify it

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have two frantic friends who, like me, are dedicated followers of TERRIFIC: we always get into fights defending the honour of TERRIFIC, and we always win—the Goodies always do! I just thought you should know somebody's ready to fight for TERRIFIC.

P.S.—I just got a puppy and I call it TERRIFIC.

James Chadwick,
Warrington, Lancs.

If Zemo kidnaps a brand X reader and gives him the Wonderman treatment, there would be a Fire-brand-X super villain roaming the streets thirsting to roll you three heroes in the dust! Should this* Warrington-shaking *disaster occur don't hesitate, lads . . . RUN!
With salutations to the canine Terrific.
Alf and Bart.

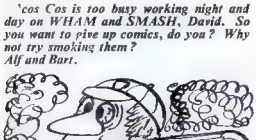
Dear Alf and Bart,

A year ago I vowed to give up comics and so I did until SMASH came. Then I tried again and then came POW. The third try was failed by FANTASTIC . . . I was then determined that whatever happened I would finish with comics the next time, and guess what, the best of the lot came: TERRIFIC. You're not fair to a boy who's trying hard to give up comics. I guess I'll have to give up comics again so that I'll be able to get another new Power comic!

P.S. Why isn't Cos in TERRIFIC?

David Preece,
Prestatyn, Flints.

'cos Cos is too busy working night and day on WHAM and SMASH, David. So you want to give up comics, do you? Why not try smoking them?
Alf and Bart.



Dear Alfantastic and Barterrific,
I've just dropped a line to say,
Your comics are fab in every way,
Namor, Zemo, Loki too
They all excite you through and through
While Odin keeps his watch on Thor,
We all keep watch on the Fantastic Four
The villain dare not show his face,
The Avengers soon put him in his place.
The Hulk, he always leaves his mark,
Not quite as subtle as Antony Stark!
A *BIG* hero is Henry Pym,
The Wasp has her own plans for him!
The foe goes running to his den
When he competes with the X-Men.
Of ants the Giant Man is the king
Though not as handsome as the Thing:
The villains always pack it in
When face to face with Benny Grimm!
Captain America has many a fan
Just as many as Spiderman.
I've not forgotten Dr. Strange
His mystic powers have got full range.
The POWER Comics get my vote
(They may even earn me one pound note!)

P. Foster,
Old Hill, Staffs.

Nobly penned, P. Fosterrific.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In TERRIFIC a few weeks back you have Captain America saying that *Tony Stark* had made the transistorized device with which his shield could be magnetized to his glove. But in a previous ish you show *Iron Man* saying that he had made the magnets. How do you explain this? After all none of them know each other's identity.

Robert McChskie,
Irvine, Ayrshire.

Just another little effort on our part to figure in the* Boob of the year contest,
Robert.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart.

This happened a long time ago, but in TERRIFIC No. 1, picture 5, page 28, *Captain America* threw his shield at the tank of Adhesive X.

HOW did it return to him?

Philip Baldwin,
Scampton, Lincoln.

If you examine the frame in question, Phil, you'll see that Cap's shield was travelling so fast that it struck the vat and rebounded before the dreaded* Adhesive X *could touch it.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bar.

Top Secret.

Report from TERRIFIC agent 1. First I broke into No. 10, and then searched through H's secret files, and there I found it, foolishly left lying on the top: the most important pieces of paper since time began: TERRIFIC No. 1! I could not resist the temptation to have two TERRIFIC 1's, so I took it.

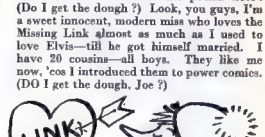
Request £1 Danger Money.

Signed agent 1.
Mark Norcott,
Fairwater.
Cwmbran, Mon.

Message received, decoded, understood, eaten and indigested, number one. Pigeon dispatched instantly,* £1 *attached to right leg.* Operation Bootlace *is cancelled (Don Starr can't find his bike). Keep ear close to ground, eyes open, nose clean. Continue frantic search for agents of D.I.M. the Brand X intelligence organization.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

My, but you're getting to be very famous! On my news-round I have been getting orders from a lot of my customers for the fab five Power comics. POW, WHAM, SMASH, FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC! So far I am solely responsible for over a hundred new customers for your power comics! (How about the dough?) Don't you think I deserve to win a spot in your mail column? When I'm not delivering your increasing number of comics in my spare time I help my uncle who is a baker. I KNEAD THE DOUGH! Get it? If that ain't a cue for you to sit up and take note—then I'll take the note—the pound note! (Do I get the dough?) Look, you guys, I'm a sweet innocent, modern miss who loves the Missing Link almost as much as I used to love Elvis—till he got himself married. I have 20 cousins—all boys. They like me now, 'cos I introduced them to power comics. (DO I get the dough, Joe?)



I've sure fallen for that umph of a man called the Missing Link! (Do I get the money, sonny?) In Scotland you can get married without your parent's consent when you are sixteen or over. When I am sixteen I'll look for a brilliant guy like the Link, I think. If my letter is not worth a quid, kid, then I'll consider you are biased because I am not a boy. "If money grew on trees," my grandpappy used to say, "It would still be the smart birds that would get it."

Yours (and the Link's) always, xxxxxxx,
With love, Rachel Welsh,
Fife, Scotland.

Well there's one smart bird in the bush, frantic ones! Alf and Bart.

Super Special Packet of
15 LUNDY ISLAND *FREE!*

Lundy Island (off England's N. Devon coast) has issued its own private local issues for many years. These stamps must be used on mail posted there. This free packet contains 8 mint TRIANGULAR and DIAMOND "Millenary" commems, Viking Eric Blood-Axe, and complete set of 1953 Coronations, Airmail set, etc. 15 unused stamps (face value 3/11½d.), all free. Just ask to see our Approvals.

(Please inform your parents.)

PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept. TCS)
EASTRINGTON, GOOLE, YORKS.

STAMP QUIZ?

1. **What is the name of the "Penny Black's" companion stamp?** .....
2. **Which British Empire country speaks French as well as English?** .....
3. **Must a stamp be "catalogued" to be genuine or of value?**.....
4. **What country has "POLSKA" on its stamps?** .....

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PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept. TC24)
Eastrington, Goole, Yorkshire

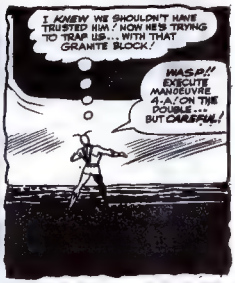
THE MIGHTY AVENGERS

MEET SPIDER-MAN! PART 2

AND THE ONLY BLURB WE CAN WRITE IS "WOWEE!"

LAST WEEK YOU SAW THE EVIL KANG, SECURE IN THE 30TH CENTURY, CONSTRUCT A PERFECT ROBOT COPY OF SPIDER-MAN WITH WHICH TO VANQUISH THE AVENGERS DURING IRON MAN'S MYSTERIOUS ABSENCE. THE ROBOT HAS ALREADY CONTACTED THE AVENGERS AND NOW, BY PRETENDING THAT HE KNOWS THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MISSING IRON MAN, HE HAS LURED THEM INTO A TRAP IN AN ANCIENT MEXICAN TEMPLE.

FIRST TO ARRIVE ON THE SCENE ARE GIANT MAN (NOW ANT-SIZED) AND THE WONDERFUL WASP...



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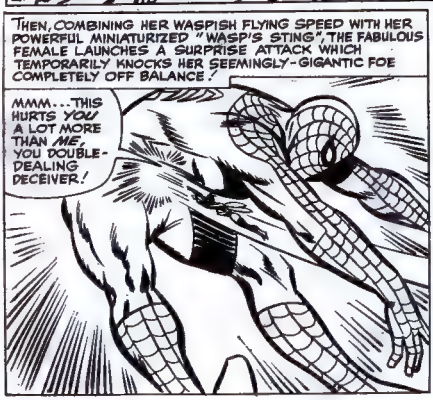
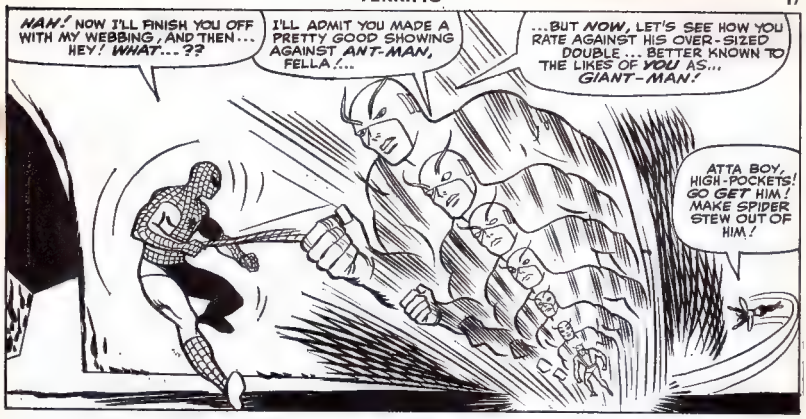
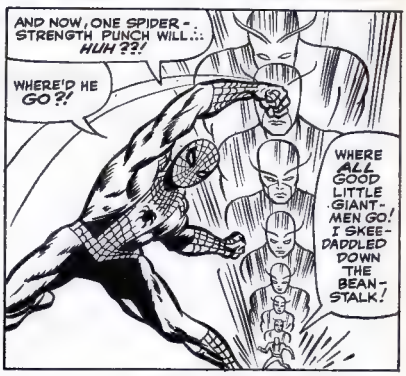



HAH! NOW I'LL FINISH YOU OFF WITH MY WEBBING, AND THEN... HEY! WHAT...??
I'LL ADMIT YOU MADE A PRETTY GOOD SHOWING AGAINST ANT-MAN, FELLA!...
...BUT NOW, LET'S SEE HOW YOU RATE AGAINST HIS OVER-SIZED DOUBLE... BETTER KNOWN TO THE LIKES OF YOU AS... GIANT-MAN!
ATTA BOY, HIGH-POCKETS! GO GET HIM! MAKE SPIDER STEW OUT OF HIM!

YOUR SIZE DOESN'T SCARE ME! MY WEB CAN STRETCH RIGHT ALONG WITH YOU!


AND NOW, ONE SPIDER-STRENGTH PUNCH WILL... HUH??!
WHERE'D HE GO?!
WHERE ALL GOOD LITTLE GIANT-MEN GO! I SKEE-DADDLED DOWN THE BEAN-STALK!

OOOF!!
DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO GROW BACK UP SO QUICKLY, DID YOU?!!

CAN'T TOUCH HIM! HE CHANGES SIZE TOO FAST!

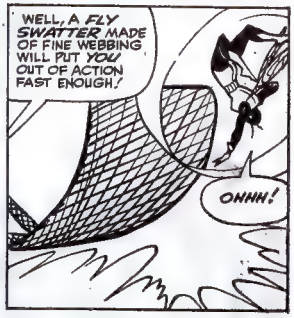
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, LITTLE FELLA?

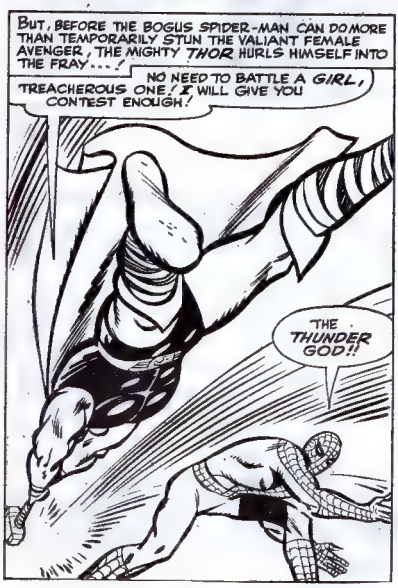
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT SOME METHOD OF FIGHTING HIM! HE'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN I THOUGHT!

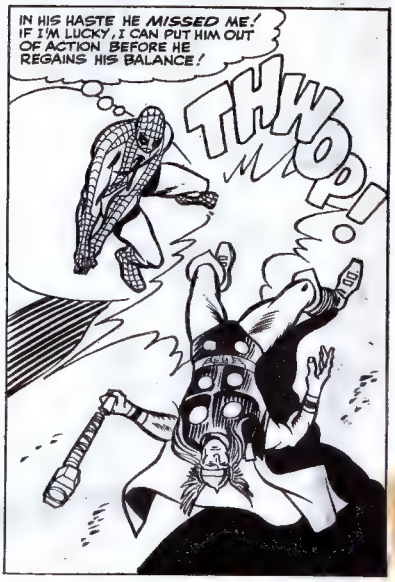
YOU WON'T ESCAPE THAT EASILY, MISTER!
I'VE READ A LOT ABOUT SPIDER-MAN'S EXPLOITS ...BUT SOMEHOW HE DOESN'T FIGHT WITH THE VERVE AND DARING I'D HAVE EXPECTED OF HIM! HE SEEMS DIFFERENT... IN SOME STRANGE WAY!

BUT, WHILE GIANT-MAN IS PHILOSOPHIZING...PERHAPS ON THE VERGE OF GUESSING THE ROBOT'S SECRET...HIS ADVERSARY STRIKES!
HAH! I OUTSMARTED YOU THIS TIME, BIG BOY! YOU'RE CAUGHT!
AND THIS WEBBING IS ELASTICIZED!! IT WILL SHRINK RIGHT DOWN WITH YOU IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE THAT WAY!

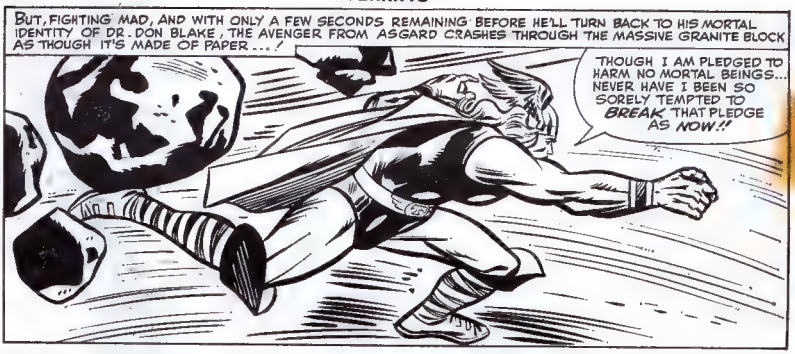
SO! THE WASP IS TRYING TO HELP HER TRAPPED PARTNER, EH?

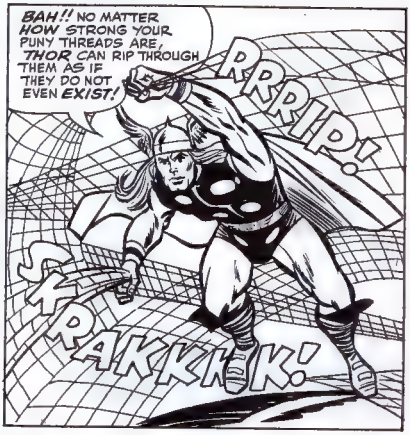

WELL, A FLY SWATTER MADE OF FINE WEBBING WILL PUT YOU OUT OF ACTION FAST ENOUGH!
OHHH!

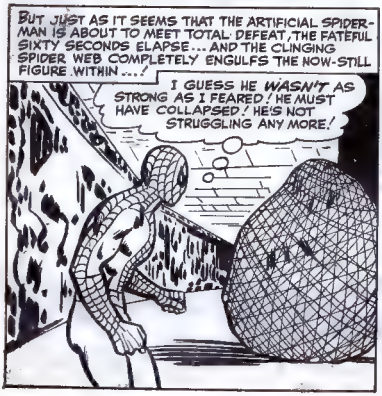

BUT, BEFORE THE BOGUS SPIDER-MAN CAN DO MORE THAN TEMPORARILY STUN THE VALIANT FEMALE AVENGER, THE MIGHTY THOR HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE FRAY...!
NO NEED TO BATTLE A GIRL, TREACHEROUS ONE! I WILL GIVE YOU CONTEST ENOUGH!
THE THUNDER GOD!!

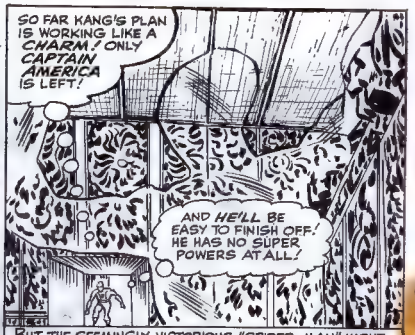

IN HIS HASTE HE MISSED ME! IF I'M LUCKY, I CAN PUT HIM OUT OF ACTION BEFORE HE REGAINS HIS BALANCE!
THWOP!

I WAS A FOOL! HE RECOVERED AS QUICKLY AS IF A GNAT HAD STUNG HIM! HE'S TOO STRONG FOR ME... BUT PERHAPS I CAN TAUNT HIM INTO DEFEAT!
WHY DON'T YOU GET YOURSELF SOME NICE PINK RIBBONS LONG HAIR? YOU'D LOOK CUTE WITH A PONY-TAIL!
DEFEND YOURSELF, VILLAIN!!
IT WORKED! YOU'RE MADDER THAN A HORDE OF HUNGRY HORNETS!
HAH! I WAS HOPING YOU'D THROW THAT THING!!
YOU FORGOT TO RECKON WITH MY SPIDER SPEED... AND THE FACT THAT I MIGHT DODGE YOUR HAMMER AND THEN CATCH IT WITH A DOUBLE-THICK WEB NET!
WHIPP!
I'VE GOT TO GET MY HAMMER BACK, BEFORE SIXTY SECONDS ELAPSE!!
HERE! THIS GRANITE BLOCK IS SOMETHING FOR YOU TO WRESTLE WITH!!
HAH! AGAIN YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO MOVE SO FAST!! MY WEBBING CAUGHT THE BLOCK... AND IT'LL HURL IT RIGHT BACK AT YOU!!
TWANNNG!







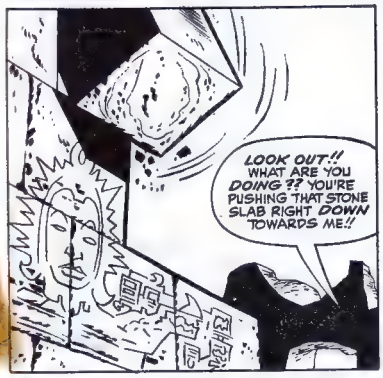


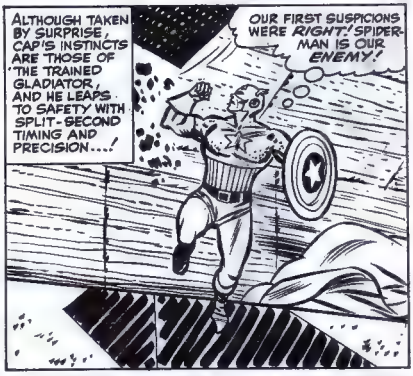
BUT, THE SEEMINGLY VICTORIOUS "SPIDER-MAN" MIGHT NOT FEEL SO CONFIDENT IF HE KNEW THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED BY ANOTHER PAIR OF COLD, ANGRY EYES... THE EYES OF THE LAST ONE HE WOULD EVER EXPECT TO MEET...!

AHH...PERFECT TIMING! HERE HE COMES NOW!

I GUESS I'M THE LAST TO ARRIVE! WONDER IF THEY'VE FOUND IRON MAN YET?

SAY! THAT LOOKS LIKE...IT IS! IT'S SPIDER-MAN!
HI, THERE!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DID YOU SEE ANY OTHER AVENGERS IN THE AREA??


LOOK OUT!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?? YOU'RE PUSHING THAT STONE SLAB RIGHT DOWN TOWARDS ME!!


ALTHOUGH TAKEN BY SURPRISE, CAP'S INSTINCTS ARE THOSE OF THE TRAINED GLADIATOR, AND HE LEAPS TO SAFETY WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING AND PRECISION...!
OUR FIRST SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT! SPIDER-MAN IS OUR ENEMY!

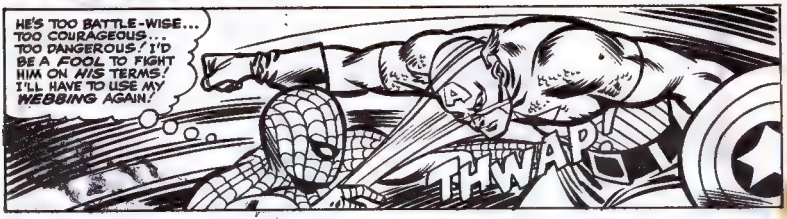
THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE OTHERS! THAT LOOKS BAD!! SPIDER-MAN MUST HAVE TRAPPED THEM, TOO!

WELL, THE MIGHTY AVENGERS CAN NEVER BE TRAPPED!! NOT SO LONG AS ONE OF US REMAINS ALIVE... AND FREE!!

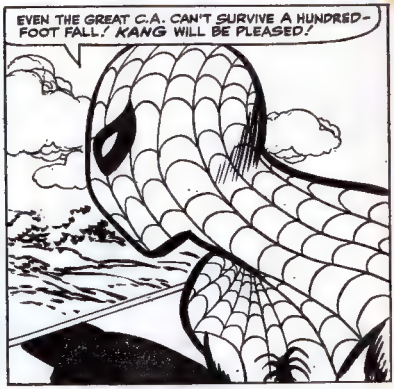
THE FIRST THING TO DO WITH YOU, YOU HUMAN INSECT, IS TO GET YOU OFF YOUR PERCH!!
UHHHH!

BUT, HAVING BEEN ENDOWED WITH ALL THE AMAZING SPIDER POWERS OF THE REAL SPIDER-MAN, THE FANTASTIC DUPLICATE IS ABLE TO RECOVER HIS BALANCE IN MID-AIR AND LAND UPON HIS OPPONENT IN ATTACK POSITION!!
YOU WILL BE MY EASIEST VICTIM!!
JUST YOU BELIEVE IT, FELLA!

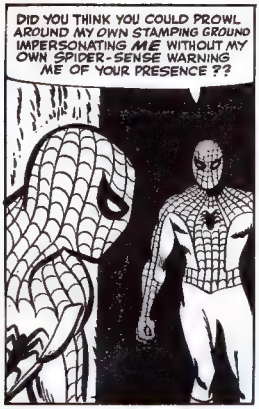
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO DO THIS!!
WOC!

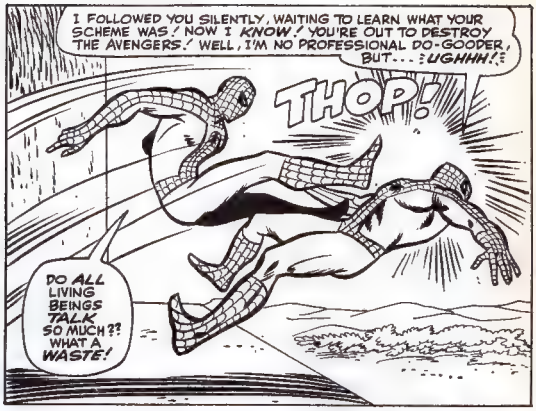

HE'S TOO BATTLE-WISE... TOO COURAGEOUS... TOO DANGEROUS! I'D BE A FOOL TO FIGHT HIM ON HIS TERMS! I'LL HAVE TO USE MY WEBBING AGAIN!
THWAP!

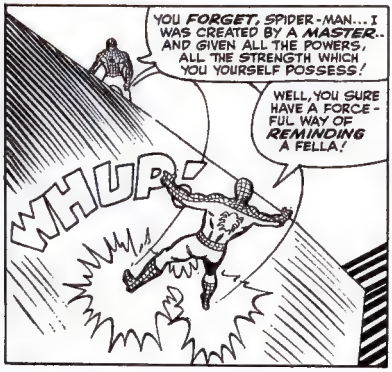
AND, AS THE BLINDED AVENGER DESPERATELY TUGS AT THE STICKY WEBBING, A POWERFUL INHUMAN ARM LASHES OUT...!
FAREWELL, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAN'T SEE!! WEBBING'S COVERING MY EYES!! FALLING... FALLING...!!

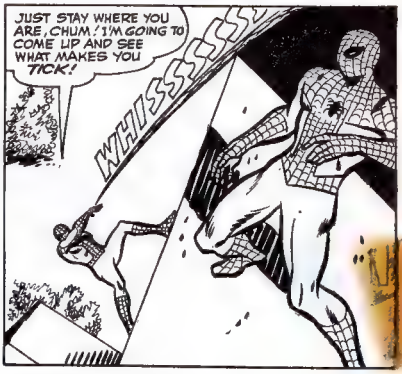

EVEN THE GREAT C.A. CAN'T SURVIVE A HUNDRED-FOOT FALL! KANG WILL BE PLEASED!

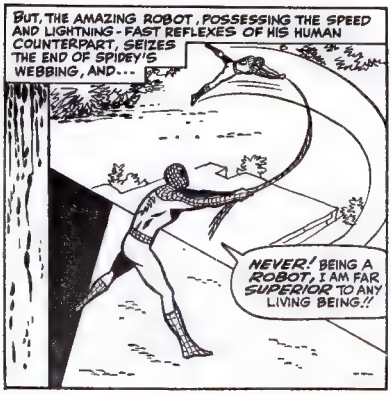
AND, STILL WATCHING FROM THE FUTURE, KANG IS PLEASED, UNTIL....
HAH! NONE OF THE DOOMED AVENGERS SUSPECTED I HAD PREVIOUSLY FILLED THE TOMB WITH AN ODOURLESS NERVE GAS WHICH DULLED THE FIGHTING EFFECTIVENESS OF ALL OF THEM... BUT WHICH COULD NOT AFFECT A MERE ROBOT!!
WAIT! HAS MY ROBOT GONE MAD? WHY DID HE USE HIS WEB TO SAVE CAPTAIN AMERICA FROM A FATAL FALL ??
PERHAPS HIS BUILT-IN INSTRUCTION CIRCUITS ARE FAULTY. I'LL HAVE HIM TURN THE DIAL WHICH WILL SEND ALL THE CAPTURED AVENGERS HERE TO THE FUTURE NOW...
A MENTAL COMMAND FROM MY MASTER IN THE FUTURE! I MUST TURN THE TIME-TRANSPORT DIAL, CONCLUDING MY TASK!
BUT, BEFORE THE FATEFUL KNOB CAN BE TOUCHED, MUCH LESS TURNED...!
UHHH!
WHUPPP!
YOU'LL NEVER TURN THAT KNOB NOW, ROBOT!!
NOT WITH MY OWN SPECIAL STICKY WEB FLUID JAMMING IT BEYOND REPAIR!
ANOTHER ROBOT SPIDER-MAN!! BUT WHY? I WASN'T TOLD ABOUT YOU...!!
ROBOT, MY FOOT! YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE REAL THING, AND I'LL PROVE IT IN A MINUTE!
FIRST, I'LL SLAM THIS CONTROL BLOCK SHUT AGAIN, TO KEEP YOUR PRYING LITTLE FINGERS OUT OF TROUBLE!!
AND, A THOUSAND YEARS IN THE FUTURE, KANG GETS HIS FIRST SEVERE SETBACK...!
THE REAL SPIDER-MAN!! HOW DID HE LEARN ABOUT US?? HE MUST'N'T WRECK MY BRILLIANT PLAN!! HE MUST'N'T!!

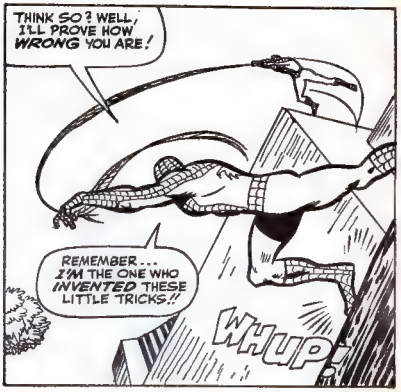

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD PROWL AROUND MY OWN STAMPING GROUND IMPERSONATING ME WITHOUT MY OWN SPIDER-SENSE WARNING ME OF YOUR PRESENCE ??

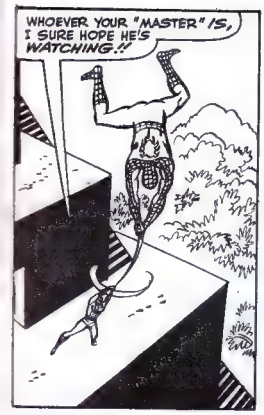

I FOLLOWED YOU SILENTLY, WAITING TO LEARN WHAT YOUR SCHEME WAS! NOW I KNOW! YOU'RE OUT TO DESTROY THE AVENGERS! WELL, I'M NO PROFESSIONAL DO-GOODER, BUT... UGHHH!
THOP!
DO ALL LIVING BEINGS TALK SO MUCH?? WHAT A WASTE!


YOU FORGET, SPIDER-MAN... I WAS CREATED BY A MASTER.. AND GIVEN ALL THE POWERS, ALL THE STRENGTH WHICH YOU YOURSELF POSSESS!
WELL, YOU SURE HAVE A FORCE-FUL WAY OF REMINDING A FELLA!
WHUP!

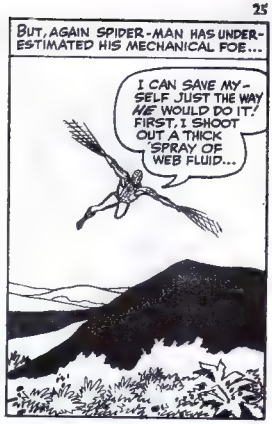

JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE, CHUM! I'M GOING TO COME UP AND SEE WHAT MAKES YOU TICK!
WHISSSSSS

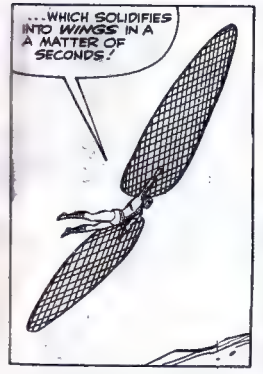

BUT, THE AMAZING ROBOT, POSSESSING THE SPEED AND LIGHTNING-FAST REFLEXES OF HIS HUMAN COUNTERPART, SEIZES THE END OF SPIDEY'S WEBBING, AND...
NEVER! BEING A ROBOT, I AM FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY LIVING BEING!!

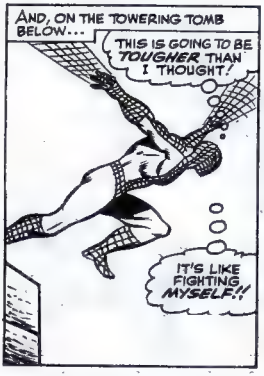

THINK SO? WELL, I'LL PROVE HOW WRONG YOU ARE!
REMEMBER... I'M THE ONE WHO INVENTED THESE LITTLE TRICKS!!
WHUP!

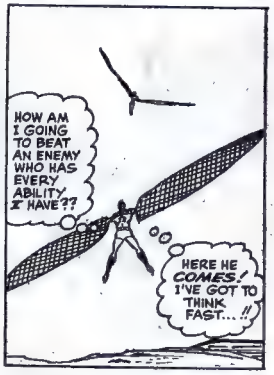

WHOEVER YOUR "MASTER" IS, I SURE HOPE HE'S WATCHING!!

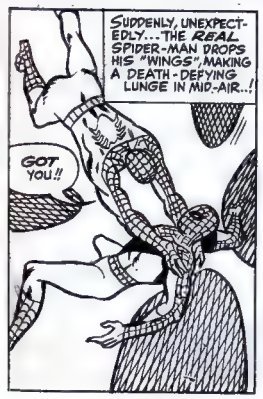
TRY TO LAND IN SOME OPEN AREA, ROBOT, SO I WON'T HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE PICKING UP THE PIECES!


BUT, AGAIN SPIDER-MAN HAS UNDER-ESTIMATED HIS MECHANICAL FOE...
I CAN SAVE MY-SELF JUST THE WAY ME WOULD DO IT! FIRST, I SHOOT OUT A THICK SPRAY OF WEB FLUID...

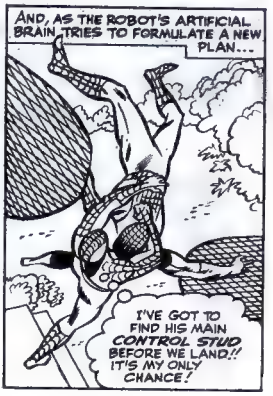

...WHICH SOLIDIFIES INTO WINGS IN A A MATTER OF SECONDS!


AND, ON THE TOWERING TOMB BELOW...
THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT!
IT'S LIKE FIGHTING MYSELF!!


HOW AM I GOING TO BEAT AN ENEMY WHO HAS EVERY ABILITY I HAVE??
HERE HE COMES! I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST...!!


SUDDENLY, UNEXPECT-EDLY...THE REAL SPIDER-MAN DROPS HIS "WINGS", MAKING A DEATH-DEFYING LUNGE IN MID-AIR...!
GOT YOU!!

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T LET GO OF YOUR LITTLE FLAPPERS, TOO, PAL... BUT ONE OF US HAS TO KEEP US IN THE AIR!!


AND, AS THE ROBOT'S ARTIFICIAL BRAIN TRIES TO FORMULATE A NEW PLAN...
I'VE GOT TO FIND HIS MAIN CONTROL STUD BEFORE WE LAND!! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

AND THEN, THE AMAZING CRUSADER WHO IS ALSO A BRILLIANT TEEN-AGED SCIENTIST *FINDS* WHAT HE'S SEEKING...

THERE! THIS WILL SHUT OFF ALL FUNCTIONING CIRCUITS, DEACTIVATING HIM!

NEXT, CREATING A 'CHUTE OF WEBBING, SPIDER-MAN WATCHES THE NOW INANIMATE MECHANICAL FIGURE PLUMMET EARTHWARD...

WHOEVER *DESIGNED* THAT THING IS A *GENIUS!* HE'D *HAVE* TO BE, TO TAKE ON THE MIGHTY *AVENGERS!*

BUT, EVEN A GENIUS CAN MAKE ONE MISTAKE!

A MECHANICAL BRAIN CAN BE FASTER, CONTAIN MORE MEMORY IMPULSES, MAKE NO MISTAKES, BUT...

...IT CAN NEVER REALLY *OUT-THINK* A HUMAN BRAIN!!

AND SO, THE TRIUMPHANT ADVENTURER SLOWLY FADES FROM SIGHT, UNAWARE THAT A PAIR OF PIERCING, THOUGHTFUL EYES HAD WITNESSED THE SWIFT, STARTLING BATTLE...

WE HAD BEEN BATTLING AN IMPOSTOR... A *ROBOT!!*

...AND THE *REAL* SPIDER-MAN SAVED US!!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE MYSTERIOUS TOMB, A THIN, DESPERATE HAND FINALLY REACHES ITS OBJECTIVE...

AT LAST! *AT LAST!*

AND, ONCE MORE, ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC CHANGES OF ALL TIME TAKES PLACE...

THOR LIVES AGAIN!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE MIGHTY THUNDER GOD GATHERS THE OTHER AVENGERS TOGETHER AS CAP DESCRIBES WHAT HE HAD SEEN...

...WE HAVE ONLY *ONE* FOE CAPABLE OF CREATING SO *PERFECT* A ROBOT...

IT CAN ONLY BE A MAN WITH ALL THE SCIENTIFIC MARVELS OF *THIRTY CENTURIES* AT HIS BECK AND CALL!

THAT MEANS...

...*KANG!!*

OF *COURSE!* IT CAN BE NO OTHER! EVEN *NOW* HE IS PROBABLY MONITORING THIS PLACE... SPYING ON US!

HEAR ME, MAN OF THE FUTURE! THE AVENGERS HAVE BEEN *WARNED!* NEXT TIME WE SHALL NOT BE TAKEN UNAWARE!!

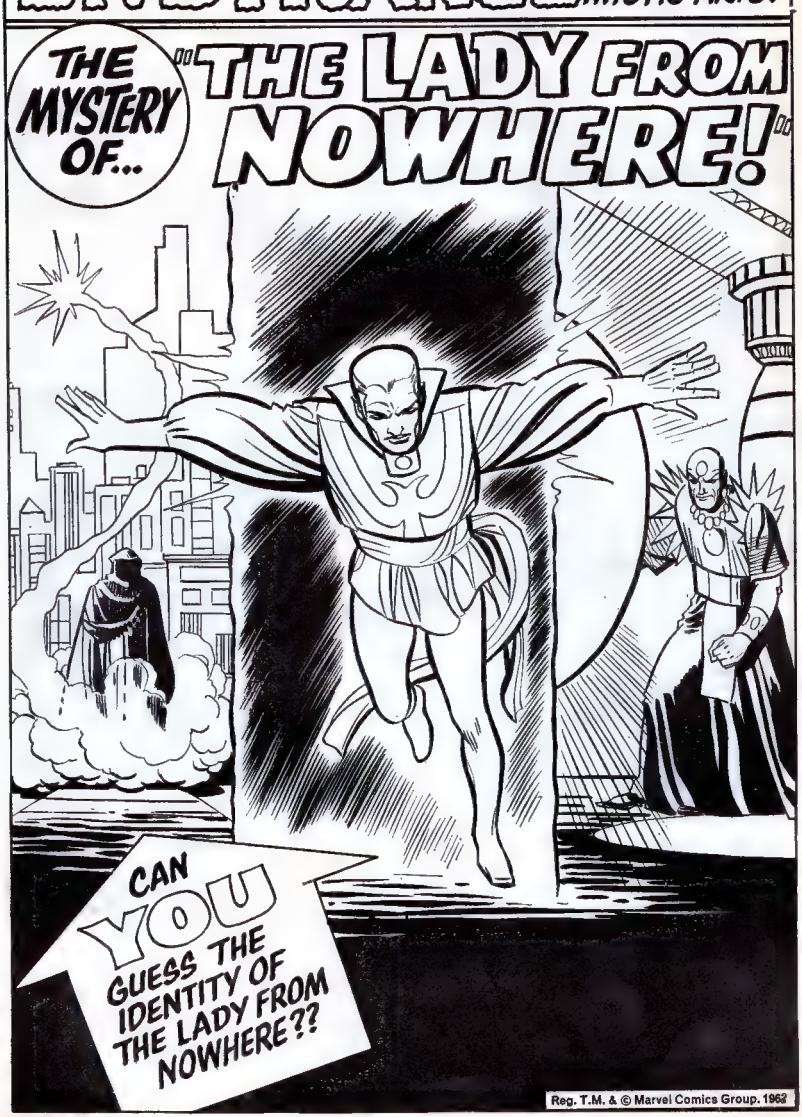
AND, THOUGH SEPARATED BY A GULF OF A THOUSAND YEARS, THOR'S RINGING WORDS FALL UPON THEIR ARCH-FOE'S EARS LIKE THUNDERBOLTS!

IN VAIN!... IT WAS ALL IN VAIN! *STILL* THE AVENGERS LIVE. STILL THEY DEFY ME!

SLOWLY, THE MYSTERIOUS KANG TURNS, AND WALKS INTO THE SHADOWS, AS OUR ADVENTURE ENDS FOR NOW ...BUT... *ONLY* FOR NOW! NEXT WEEK THE AVENGERS BATTLE ONCE AGAIN!!

TEN RALEIGH MUSTANGS MUST BE WON NEXT WEEK!!
POW! WHAM! SMASH! TERRIFIC! FANTASTIC!
THE POWER COMICS
GREAT SUMMER COMPETITION

Dr. STRANGE MASTER of The MYSTIC ARTS.



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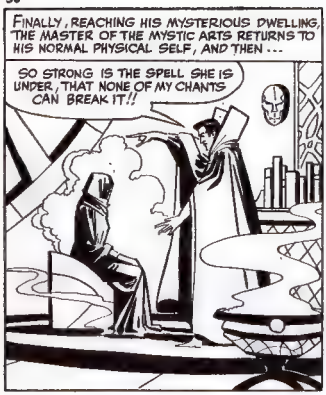
EVEN A MASTER OF MYSTERY NEEDS A LITTLE RELAXATION NOW AND THEN! DR. STRANGE GETS HIS RELAXATION BY FLYING OVER THE CITY AT MIDNIGHT, IN HIS ECTOPLASMIC, OR SPIRIT FORM...
BUT SUDDENLY HIS SMOOTH FLIGHT IS DISTURBED BY AN EVIL AURA THAT APPEARS IN HIS PATH... AN AURA DENOTING THE PRESENCE OF AN EVIL FORM OF MAGIC SOMEWHERE IN THE VAST, GLOOMY METROPOLIS...
CAN MY EYES DECEIVE ME? THERE IS A HINT OF SORCERY LURKING BELOW!!
I MUST TRACE THIS MYSTIC VAPOUR... FOLLOW IT TO ITS SOURCE! I MUST LEARN WHAT IT SIGNIFIES!
AND THEN, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF DR. STRANGE, A FIGURE TAKES SHAPE, SLOWLY, MAGICALLY...
WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?
I AM FACED WITH AN ENCHANTER AS POWERFUL AS I!!
IT IS A GIRL! BUT I CAN SENSE THAT SHE IS NOT THE SOURCE OF THE MAGIC! SHE IS MERELY ITS VICTIM!!
SHE SEEMS CONFUSED... HELPLESS! SHE IS CAUGHT IN A SPELL WHICH SHE CANNOT BREAK!
IT IS MY SACRED DUTY TO HELP ALL WHO ARE MENACED BY MAGICAL CHARMS! AND YET, MY AMULET CANNOT BREAK HER SPELL!
I MUST TRULY BE OPPOSING A PRACTITIONER WHO IS AS WELL VERSED IN THE MYSTIC ARTS AS I!
AND THEN, PLACING A VEIL OF INVISIBILITY TO MORTAL EYES ABOUT THE TWO OF THEM, DR. STRANGE GENTLY GUIDES THE TROUBLED GIRL TOWARDS HIS OWN MYSTERIOUS TOWN MANSION.
ONCE BACK IN MY STUDY, I CAN RETURN TO MY PHYSICAL SELF AND FIND SOME WAY TO AID THIS BEWITCHED CREATURE!

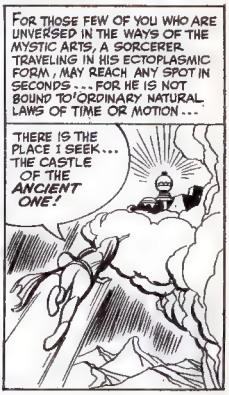

FINALLY, REACHING HIS MYSTERIOUS DWELLING, THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL PHYSICAL SELF, AND THEN ...
SO STRONG IS THE SPELL SHE IS UNDER, THAT NONE OF MY CHANTS CAN BREAK IT!!

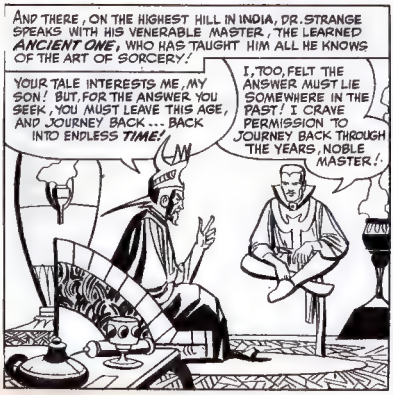
BUT SHE MUST BE AIDED! I CALL UPON THE INNER EYE OF MY ENCHANTED AMULET TO RISE ... TO HEED MY COMMANDS!

LET IT BECOME ONE WITH MY OWN SENSES! LET IT PEER DEEP INTO THE MIND OF THE ONE WHO SITS BEFORE ME ... LET IT PIERCE THE CURTAIN OF FOG AROUND HER BRAIN!!

AND THEN, AS THE POWERFUL AMULET RADIATES WITH AN UNEARTHLY GLOW, BATHING THE CHAMBER WITH MAGICAL LIGHT...
THIS IS FAR MORE INCREDIBLE THAN I GUESSED!

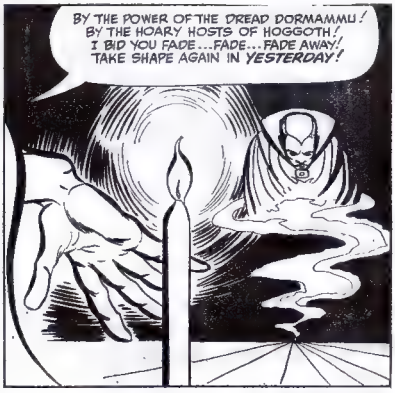
ONCE AGAIN, I MUST ASSUME MY ECTOPLASMIC FORM ... FOR THE TIME HAS COME TO MAKE A JOURNEY HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD!


FOR THOSE FEW OF YOU WHO ARE UNVERSED IN THE WAYS OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, A SORCERER TRAVELING IN HIS ECTOPLASMIC FORM, MAY REACH ANY SPOT IN SECONDS ... FOR HE IS NOT BOUND TO ORDINARY NATURAL LAWS OF TIME OR MOTION ...
THERE IS THE PLACE I SEEK ... THE CASTLE OF THE ANCIENT ONE!


AND THERE, ON THE HIGHEST HILL IN INDIA, DR. STRANGE SPEAKS WITH HIS VENERABLE MASTER, THE LEARNED ANCIENT ONE, WHO HAS TAUGHT HIM ALL HE KNOWS OF THE ART OF SORCERY!
YOUR TALE INTERESTS ME, MY SON! BUT, FOR THE ANSWER YOU SEEK, YOU MUST LEAVE THIS AGE, AND JOURNEY BACK ... BACK INTO ENDLESS TIME!
I, TOO, FELT THE ANSWER MUST LIE SOMEWHERE IN THE PAST! I CRAVE PERMISSION TO JOURNEY BACK THROUGH THE YEARS, NOBLE MASTER!

PERMISSION GRANTED, MY SON! BUT YOU MUST HAVE A CARE! MY HAND SHALL BE UNABLE TO REACH OUT THROUGH THE YEARS TO HELP YOU! YOU WILL BE TRULY ON YOUR OWN!
THAT IS AS IT SHOULD BE, WORTHY MASTER! DR. STRANGE MUST NEVER SHIRK HIS DUTY!

I SHALL USE MY POWER TO SEND YOU BACK INTO TIME! BUT TAKE HEED, MY SON! YOU MAY REMAIN ONLY SO LONG AS YON CANDLE BURNS! ONCE IT IS EXTINGUISHED, YOU WILL BE TRAPPED IN THE PAST FOREVER!
I UNDERSTAND, ANCIENT ONE! I SHALL NOT FAIL!

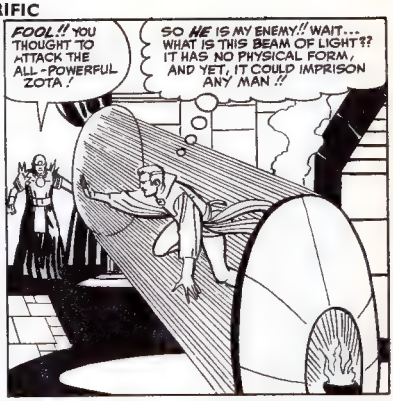

BY THE POWER OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU! BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH! I BID YOU FADE...FADE...FADE AWAY! TAKE SHAPE AGAIN IN YESTERDAY!

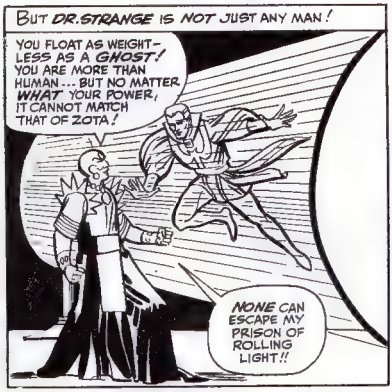
REMEMBER THE WARNING I HAVE GIVEN YOU! YOU MUST RETURN BEFORE THIS CANDLE HAS BURNED ITSELF OUT...OR ELSE YOU REMAIN IN THE DIM, DEAD PAST... FOREVER!
AND SO, THE MAN OF MANY MYSTERIES TRAVELS BACK...BACK...BACK... SEEKING TO LEARN WHERE THE MYSTERIOUS AURA, WHICH FOLLOWS THE SILENT WOMAN, ORIGINATED FROM!
SHE DOES NOT BELONG TO OUR TIME! I MUST DISCOVER WHAT AGE SHE HAS COME FROM!

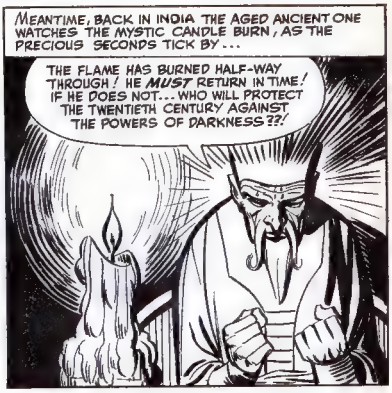
AND, IN AN ANCIENT PLACE...IN AN ANCIENT TIME...WE FIND...
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, ZOTA!! THE GODS WILL NOT ALLOW IT!
SILENCE! THERE IS A WARNING SIGNAL FROM MY IMPULSE TRANSMITTER! I MUST TEND TO THAT FIRST!

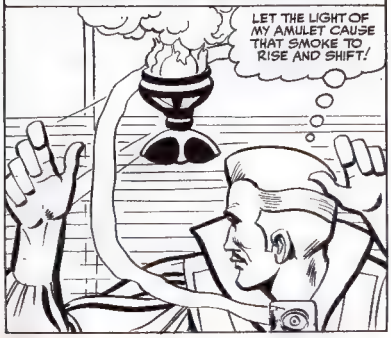
WHOEVER TRIES TO DEFY ZOTA WILL RECEIVE THE SAME TREATMENT AS YOU!
AND NOW, I SHALL GO AND SEE WHO THE INTRUDER IS! FOR ZOTA FEARS NO ONE.. NOT MAN, NOR BEAST... NOR SPIRIT!!

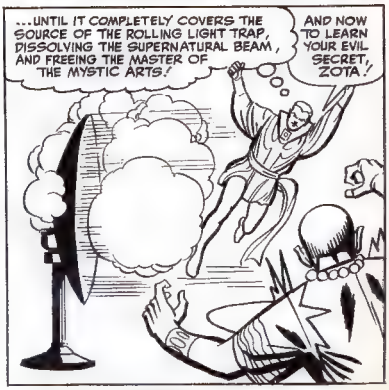
MEANTIME, DR. STRANGE HAS ARRIVED AT THAT PARTICULAR INSTANT IN SPACE AND TIME!
I HAVE REACHED THE END OF THE TRAIL!! BUT WHAT UN-EXPECTED DANGERS CAN BE AWAITING ME HERE?


FOOL!! YOU THOUGHT TO ATTACK THE ALL-POWERFUL ZOTA!
SO HE IS MY ENEMY!! WAIT... WHAT IS THIS BEAM OF LIGHT?? IT HAS NO PHYSICAL FORM, AND YET, IT COULD IMPRISON ANY MAN!!


BUT DR. STRANGE IS NOT JUST ANY MAN!
YOU FLOAT AS WEIGHT-LESS AS A GHOST! YOU ARE MORE THAN HUMAN -- BUT NO MATTER WHAT YOUR POWER, IT CANNOT MATCH THAT OF ZOTA!
NONE CAN ESCAPE MY PRISON OF ROLLING LIGHT!!

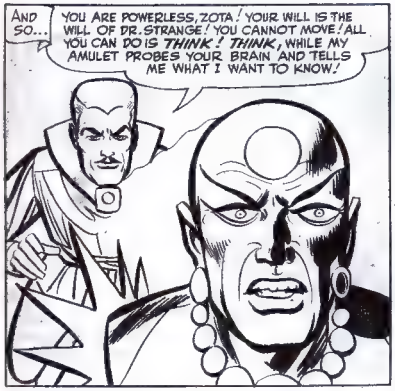

MEANTIME, BACK IN INDIA THE AGED ANCIENT ONE WATCHES THE MYSTIC CANDLE BURN, AS THE PRECIOUS SECONDS TICK BY...
THE FLAME HAS BURNED HALF-WAY THROUGH! HE MUST RETURN IN TIME! IF HE DOES NOT... WHO WILL PROTECT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AGAINST THE POWERS OF DARKNESS??


BUT NOT FOR NOTHING HAS DOCTOR STRANGE BEEN CALLED THE GREATEST SORCERER OF THEM ALL! WITHIN SECONDS, HIS AMAZING MIND DEVISES A PLAN...
LET THE LIGHT OF MY AMULET CAUSE THAT SMOKE TO RISE AND SHIFT!


...UNTIL IT COMPLETELY COVERS THE SOURCE OF THE ROLLING LIGHT TRAP, DISSOLVING THE SUPERNATURAL BEAM, AND FREEING THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!
AND NOW TO LEARN YOUR EVIL SECRET, ZOTA!

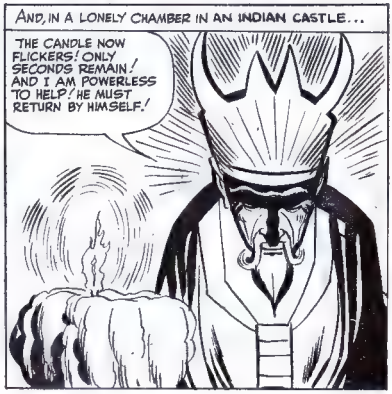
NEVER! I SHALL DESTROY YOU WITH SHEER BOLTS OF NEGATIVE ENERGY FIRST! ENERGY GATHERED FROM THE FORCES OF THE NETHERWORLD!
MY ECTOPLASMIC FORM IS NOT POWERFUL ENOUGH TO RESIST HIM! I MUST HIDE IN THE MIST BEFORE I AM SLAIN!

SECONDS LATER...
AHH, I CAN SENSE THAT HE HAS GROWN WEAKER! HE USED TOO MUCH POWER ON HIS FIRST ASSAULT AGAINST ME!
NOW MY IRRESISTIBLE AMULET CAN STRIKE AGAIN, AT MY COMMAND!


AND SO...
YOU ARE POWERLESS, ZOTA! YOUR WILL IS THE WILL OF DR. STRANGE! YOU CANNOT MOVE! ALL YOU CAN DO IS THINK! THINK, WHILE MY AMULET PROBES YOUR BRAIN AND TELLS ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!

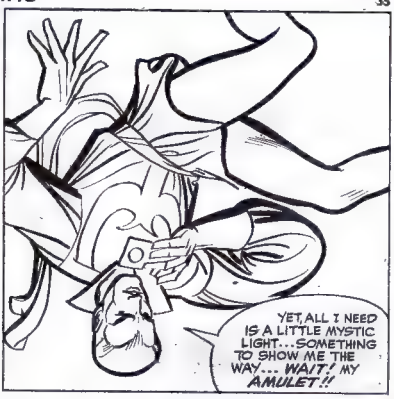
FINALLY, AFTER THE FEARLESS ENCHANTER HAS LEARNED WHAT HE DESIRES, HE COMMANDS THE HAPLESS ZOTA TO FREE THE PRISONERS HE HAS TAKEN...
NEVERMORE SHALL FELLOW HUMANS SERVE YOU, ZOTA! FROM THIS MOMENT HENCE, YOUR POWER IS GONE! SUCH IS THE EDICT OF DR. STRANGE!

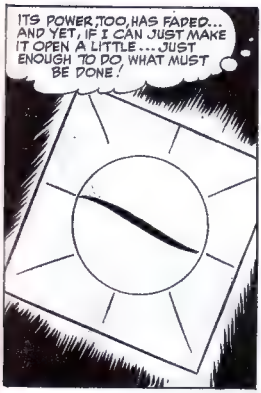
AND NOW, MY TASK HERE IS FINISHED... BUT THERE IS MORE TO BE DONE IN MY OWN LAND, IN MY OWN AGE!

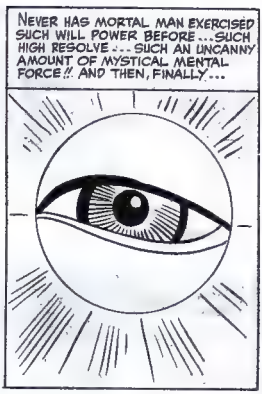

AND, IN A LONELY CHAMBER IN AN INDIAN CASTLE...
THE CANDLE NOW FLICKERS! ONLY SECONDS REMAIN! AND I AM POWERLESS TO HELP! HE MUST RETURN BY HIMSELF!

MEANTIME, THE MASTER SORCERER TRAVELS ALONG A PATH WHICH NO NORMAL HUMAN COULD SEE OR TOUCH! ...A PATH ILLUMINATED AND HELD IN POSITION BY THE SHEER MENTAL POWER OF THE MYSTICAL ANCIENT ONE!
BUT, EVEN THE WISEST OF WIZARDS CANNOT DELAY THE FLICKERING OF THE ENCHANTED CANDLE! AND, DESPITE THE SPEED OF DOCTOR STRANGE ... DESPITE THE MENTAL POWER OF THE ALL-KNOWING ANCIENT ONE ... THE CANDLE FLICKERS ITS LAST ... AND DIES OUT!
IT IS TOO LATE! HE HAS NOT RETURNED! I CAN CONJURE UP THE SPIRIT PATH FOR HIM NO LONGER! HE IS TRAPPED FOREVER, IN THE AGELESS PAST!
BUT, THOUGH NOT AS STRONG AS THAT OF THE ANCIENT ONE, DR. STRANGE, TOO, HAS A BRAIN WHICH CAN ACCOMPLISH THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE!! ALTHOUGH THE PATH BEGINS TO VANISH, LIKE DARKNESS IN THE DAWN, HE BRINGS HIS OWN WILL INTO PLAY!
BY THE SHADES OF THE VISHANTI ... I FORBID THE DARKNESS TO CLOSE IN!
THE LIGHT MUST REMAIN!! BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGEDOR, I MUST FOLLOW THE ENCHANTED PATH JUST A FEW SECONDS LONGER!
BUT DESPITE HIS COURAGE, HIS INDOMITABLE WILL, THE TASK PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THE MASTER MAGICIAN...
THE LIGHT IS FADING AGAIN ... ONLY A SLIVER REMAINS ... AND NOW, THAT TOO IS VANISHING!
WITHOUT THE MYSTICAL PATH OF LIGHT, THERE IS NO WAY FOR HIM EVER TO RETURN! HAVE I TRAINED HIM SO LONG ... HAVE I TAUGHT HIM SO MUCH ... HAVE I LOVED HIM SO DEEPLY ... ONLY TO LOSE HIM NOW?? ... SO SUDDENLY ... SO SENSELESSLY!
MY LIMBS ARE OLD ... MY POWERS FADING! I NEEDED HIM! I NEEDED THE KNOWLEDGE THAT ONE DAY HE WOULD TAKE MY PLACE, TO KEEP THE FLAME OF ENCHANTMENT ALIVE! BUT NOW ... IT IS OVER! IT WAS ALL IN VAIN! ALL FOR NAUGHT!
AND, EVEN AS THE ANCIENT ONE REPROACHES HIMSELF, DR. STRANGE FLOATS WEIGHTLESSLY, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LIMBO AND THE SHADOWY ENDLESS PAST!

IS THIS HOW IT IS TO END ?? AM I DOOMED TO SPEND ETERNITY DRIFTING IN A WORLD OF SHADOWS ... CAUGHT BETWEEN REALITY AND CHAOS ??
SOMEWHERE THERE IS A PATH TO SAFETY... BUT THE CANDLE HAS GONE OUT... AND MY FATE IS SEALED!

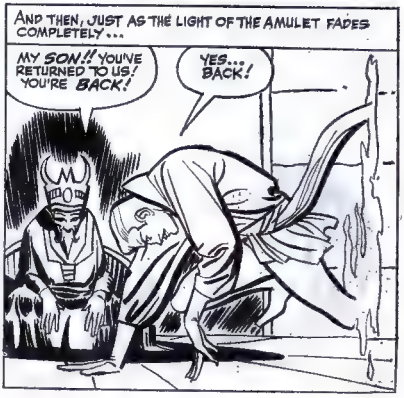

YET, ALL I NEED IS A LITTLE MYSTIC LIGHT... SOMETHING TO SHOW ME THE WAY... WAIT! MY AMULET!!

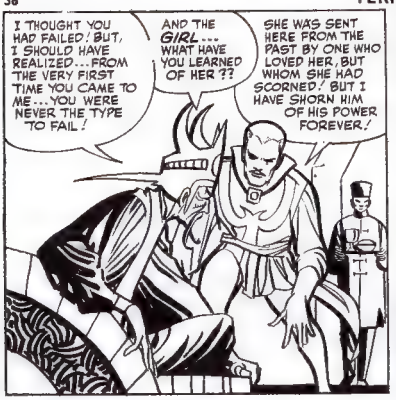

ITS POWER, TOO, HAS FADED... AND YET, IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT OPEN A LITTLE ... JUST ENOUGH TO DO WHAT MUST BE DONE!

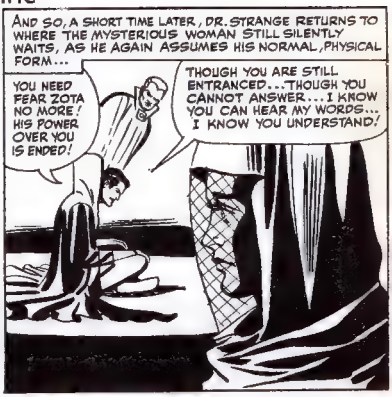

NEVER HAS MORTAL MAN EXERCISED SUCH WILL POWER BEFORE ... SUCH HIGH RESOLVE ... SUCH AN UNCANNY AMOUNT OF MYSTICAL MENTAL FORCE!! AND THEN, FINALLY...

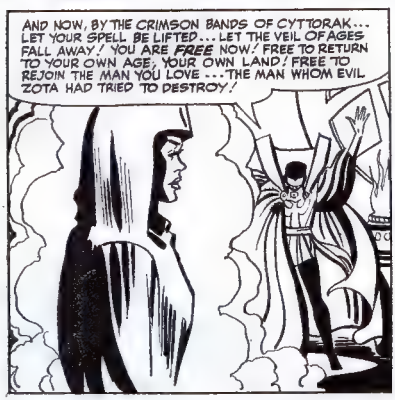
IT OPENED!! IT'S WEAK ... FAINT ... BUT THERE IS ENOUGH LIGHT FOR ME TO SEE THE TEMPORAL PATH!! I STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO SURVIVE!

JUST ANOTHER FEW FEET ... ANOTHER FEW SECONDS ... I'M ALMOST THERE ... ALMOST BACK TO REALITY...!!


AND THEN, JUST AS THE LIGHT OF THE AMULET FADES COMPLETELY...
MY SON!! YOU'VE RETURNED TO US! YOU'RE BACK!
YES... BACK!


I THOUGHT YOU HAD FAILED! BUT, I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED...FROM THE VERY FIRST TIME YOU CAME TO ME...YOU WERE NEVER THE TYPE TO FAIL!
AND THE GIRL... WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED OF HER ??
SHE WAS SENT HERE FROM THE PAST BY ONE WHO LOVED HER, BUT WHOM SHE HAD SCORNED! BUT I HAVE SHORN HIM OF HIS POWER FOREVER!


AND SO, A SHORT TIME LATER, DR. STRANGE RETURNS TO WHERE THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN STILL SILENTLY WAITS, AS HE AGAIN ASSUMES HIS NORMAL, PHYSICAL FORM...
YOU NEED FEAR ZOTA NO MORE! HIS POWER OVER YOU IS ENDED!
THOUGH YOU ARE STILL ENTRANCED...THOUGH YOU CANNOT ANSWER...I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR MY WORDS... I KNOW YOU UNDERSTAND!

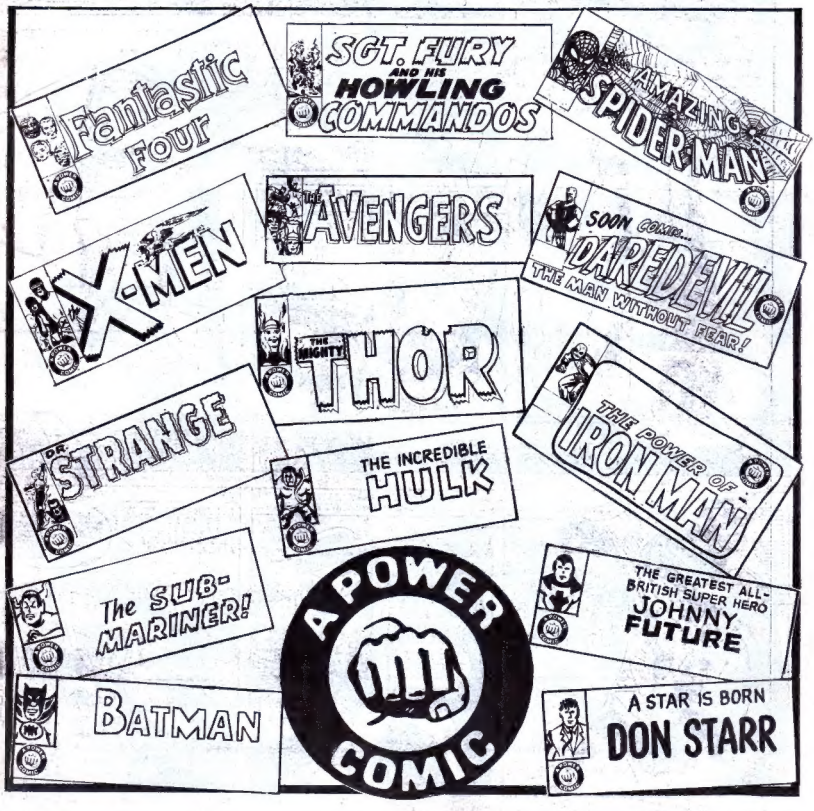

AND NOW, BY THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK... LET YOUR SPELL BE LIFTED...LET THE VEIL OF AGES FALL AWAY! YOU ARE FREE NOW! FREE TO RETURN TO YOUR OWN AGE, YOUR OWN LAND! FREE TO REJOIN THE MAN YOU LOVE...THE MAN WHOM EVIL ZOTA HAD TRIED TO DESTROY!

THEN GO, CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF THE NILE! GO, BACK TO THE ARMS OF MARK ANTONY...BACK TO THE DESTINY THAT AWAITS YOU!

RETURN TO EGYPT, TO THE DIM SHADOWY PAST!! BY THE POWER OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU, LET THE MISTS OF TIME ENVELOP YOU...LET THE CENTURIES RECLAIM THEIR OWN!!

AND THEN, NOTHING REMAINS BUT THE SILENCE! A SILENCE SO THICK, SO HEAVY, ONE CAN ALMOST FEEL IT! BUT, LET NO MAN BREAK THAT SILENCE... FOR WITHIN ITS AWESOME DEPTHS STANDS THE FIGURE OF DR. STRANGE...PONDERING...LOST IN THOUGHT...WAITING FOR THE NEXT CHALLENGE TO HIS MYSTIC POWER! AND, WHEN THAT CHALLENGE COMES, YOU SHALL BE THERE TO SHARE IT WITH HIM IN THIS, THE MOST ACCLAIMED NEW SERIES IN THE ANNALS OF NECROMANCY!
ADIEU

WHO SAYS THIS ISN'T THE POWER AGE OF COMICS?!



STARTING TODAY:
THE DRAMA OF DOOM
IN THE SECRET FILES OF BRITAIN'S SPECIAL SECURITY FORCE THE INCREDIBLE CASE OF 'THE ACTOR' IS KNOWN ONLY BY AN IMPERSONAL CODE NUMBER. BUT TO DON STARR AND OTHERS WHO PLAYED THEIR PERILOUS PARTS IN THE CASE, IT WILL ALWAYS BE CALLED THE DRAMA OF DOOM. AND THE FIRST ACT BEGAN IN AN ALLEYWAY BEHIND A LONDON ART-MUSEUM...
GET TO COVER! HE'S SHOOTING TO KILL!
HE'S HOLDING US OFF! WHILE THAT CAR GETS AWAY WITH THE HAUL!
THE WHITE-HAIRED UNIFORMED GUNMAN WAS SNARLING LIKE A WILD, KILL-HUNGRY ANIMAL...
STAY UNDER COVER! WITHOUT GUNS WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE OF FLUSHING HIM OUT!
I'VE RADIOED SECURITY, SIR! A MAN IS ON HIS WAY!
TEN MINUTES LATER SPECIAL SECURITY AGENT DON STARR ARRIVED ON THE SCENE...
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN! OR THAT MADMAN WILL BLOW IT OFF!
HE MUST BE INSANE! HE MUST KNOW WE'RE BOUND TO GET HIM EVENTUALLY. AND IF HE'S ONE OF THE GANG OF ART-THIEVES... WHY DIDN'T HE GO WITH THE OTHERS?
HE COULD HAVE GOT AWAY! IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! IT'S CRAZY!
WHAT'S CRAZIER IS THAT IT'S SAM BIRK WHO'S SHOOTING AT US! I KNOW HIM! HE WOULDN'T STEAL A DEAD FLY FROM A SPIDER! BUT I THINK I KNOW HOW TO GET TO HIM!
UNSEEN BY THE GUNMAN, DON STARR MADE HIS WAY TO THE ROOF-TOPS...
I COULD SNAP OFF A SHOT AT OLD SAM FROM UP HERE. BUT HE MUST BE A SICK MAN... SO I'M GOING TO TRY AND TAKE HIM ALIVE!
BUT AS HE MOVED FROM A DOORWAY INTO THE ALLEY...
DARN THAT RAT!
WHAT THE...?
A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
SAM, DON'T BE A FOOL! DON'T... UUUUNHH!
FOR A NIGHTMARE MOMENT DEATH GLARED AT DON STARR THROUGH BLAZING EYES. THEN...
THIS IS IT! THE END OF THE LINE FOR...
WHAT... WHERE... AM I?
THE GUN-BATTLE WAS OVER...
I... I SWEAR TO YOU, THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS MAKING MY USUAL ROUNDS OF THE ART ROOMS, DON... YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T TRY TO KILL ANYONE...
I KNOW IT, SAM. BUT THAT'S ABOUT ALL I DO KNOW! THIS WHOLE BUSINESS HAS ME BEAT!

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A Power House PIN-UP

THE EVIL
BARON MORDO